NUMB. CCV.

The SPECTATOR.

——Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros. Ov.

Tueſday, November 6. 1711.

Conſider an Human Soul without Education like Marble in the Quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent Beauties, till the Skill of the Poliſher fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot and Vein that runs through the Body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws forth to View every latent Vertue and Perfection, which without ſuch Helps are never able to make their Appearance.

If my Readers will give me leave to change the Subject ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the preſent Inſtance to illuſtrate the Force of Education, which *Ariſtotle* has brought to explain his Doctrine of Subſtantial Forms, when he tells us, that a Statue lies hid in a Block of Marble; and that the Art of the Statuary only clears away the ſuperfluous Matter, and removes the Rubbiſh. The Figure is in the Marble, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to the Block of Marble, Education is to an Human Soul. The Philoſopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Temperate, the Good, or the Great Man, very often lies hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper Education might have diſcovered, and have brought to Light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the Accounts of Savage Nations; and with contemplating thoſe Vertues which are wild and uncultivated, to ſee Courage exerting it ſelf in Fierceneſs and Barbarity, Wiſdom in Cunning, Patience in Sullenneſs and Deſpair.

Paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of Actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and governed by Reaſon. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the Death of their Maſters, or upon changing their Service, hang themſelves upon the next Tree, as frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, I cannot forbear admiring their Fidelity, though it expreſs it ſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What a Savage Greatneſs of Soul, which appears in theſe poor Wretches on many Occaſions, would it be, were it rightly cultivated? And what Colour of Reaſon can there be for the Contempt with which we treat this Part of our Species; That we ſhould not allow them upon the common foot of Humanity, becauſe they ſhould only ſet an inſignificant Fine upon the Head who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the Proſpect of Happineſs in another World as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the great Means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is ſo well atteſted, that I have no manner of reaſon to ſuſpect the Truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that paſſed about twelve Years ago at St. *Chriſtophers*, one of our *Britiſh* Leeward Iſlands. The Negroes who are the Perſons concerned in it, were all of them the Slaves of a Gentleman who is now in *England*.

This Gentleman among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was looked upon as a moſt extraordinary Beauty by thoſe of her own Complexion. He had at the ſame time two young Fellows who were likewiſe Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comelineſs of their Perſons, and for the Friendſhip which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in Love with the Female Negro abovementioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could agree between themſelves which ſhould be the Man. But they were both ſo paſſionately in Love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the ſame time were ſo true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Conſent. The Torments of theſe two Lovers were the Diſcourſe of the Family to which they belonged, that could not forbear obſerving the ſtrange Complication of Paſſions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, who often dropped Expreſſions of the Uneaſineſs they underwent, and how impoſſible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendſhip, Truth and Jealouſy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Miſtreſs along with them: Where, after abundance of Lamentations, they ſtabbed her to the Heart, of which ſhe immediately died. A Slave who was at his Work not far from the Place where this aſtoniſhing piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Perſon, ran to ſee what was the Occaſion of them. He there diſcovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each ſide of her, kiſſing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breaſts in the utmoſt Agonies of Grief and Deſpair. He immediately ran to the *Engliſh* Family with the News of what he had ſeen; who upon coming to the Place ſaw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themſelves.

We

We ſee, in this amazing Inſtance of Barbarity, what ſtrange Diſorders are bred in the Minds of thoſe Men whoſe Paſſions are not regulated by Vertue, and diſciplined by Reaſon. Though the Action which I have recited is in it ſelf full of Guilt and Horror, it proceeded from a Temper of Mind which might have produced very noble Fruits, had it been informed and guided by a ſuitable Education.

It is therefore an unſpeakable Bleſſing to be born in thoſe Parts of the World where Wiſdom and Knowledge flouriſh; though it muſt be confeſt, there are, even in theſe Parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed Perſons, who are but little above the Inhabitants of thoſe Nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the Advantages of a more liberal Education riſe above one another, by ſeveral different degrees of Perfection. For to return to our Statue in the Block of Marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes rough-hewn and but juſt ſketched into an human Figure, ſometimes we ſee the Man appearing diſtinctly in all his Limbs and Features, ſometimes we find the Figure wrought up to a great Elegancy, but ſeldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or a *Praxiteles* could not give ſeveral nice touches and Finiſhings.

Diſcourſes of Morality, and Reflections upon human Nature, are the beſt Means we can make uſe of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of our ſelves, and conſequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance and Prejudice which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profeſt my ſelf in this Paper a Promoter of theſe great Ends, and I flatter my ſelf that I do from Day to Day contribute ſomething to the poliſhing of Mens Minds; at leaſt my Deſign is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I muſt confeſs I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters, which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours, and muſt take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to thoſe who write them, and excuſing my ſelf for not inſerting ſeveral of them in my Papers, which I am ſenſible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publiſh the Praiſes which are ſo well penned, they would do Honour to the Perſons who write them; but my publiſhing of them would I fear be a ſufficient Inſtance to the World that I did not deſerve them.

Compleat Setts of this Paper to the End of October may be had of Mr. Graves in St. James's-Street; Mrs. Bond at the Old Vine at Charing-Croſs; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mrs. Treganey, near Eſſex-Street; Mrs. Boulter next the Roſe Tavern at Temple Bar; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Mr. Round in Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Perſons of Q[uality]

By Her Majeſty's Company of Com[edians]

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this [Day]
Tueſday being the 6th of November, will be [preſented]
en'es K. Henry the Fourth. With the Humours of [Sir John]
The Part of Falſtaff to be performed by Mr. Eſtcourt, Hotſ[pur]
Booth, the King by Mr. Keene, Prince of Wales by [Mr.]
Douglas by Mr. Mills, 1 Carrier by Mr. Johnſon, a Car[rier]
Bullock, Francis by Mr. Harris, and the part of Kate, [by]
by Mrs. Bradſhaw.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, [on]
Saturday next, being the 10th Inſtant, will be preſented [a]
called Almahide. The Part of Almanzor to be performed [by]
Barbeir.

This Day is Publiſhed,

Decerpta ex Ovidii Faſtis, per Thomam [Johnſon]
u'ui Schol. Bromfordienſis & q uarumvis aliarum, price [6d.]
Mr. Sedley's 3 Comedies, viz. Funeral, Lying-Lovers and [the]
Husband, price bound 2s. Dr. Stevens Queen Elizabeth's [Day]
preached before the Iriſh Proteſtants now reſiding in [London]
6d. And on Thurſday will be Publiſhed, An Eſſay on the [Genius]
Writings of Shakeſpear. Written by Mr. Dennis, price [1s.]
Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Croſs Keys between the [two]
Gates in Fleet-ſtreet.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

A Letter to a Friend in the Country on the [late]
Expedition to Canada, with an Account of former Enterprizes
Defence of that Deſign, and the Share the late M——r [had]
price 3d. The Nation vindicated from the Aſperſions caſt [on]
late Pamphlet, Entituled, A Repreſentation of the preſent [State]
ligion, with regard to the late exceſſive Growth of Infidelity
and Prophaneneſs, as it paſt the Lower Houſe of Convocation
6d. The Hiſtory of Dr. Sacheverell faithfully Tranſlated [from]
Gazette, with Remarks, price 6d. A Deſcription of [Tunbridge]
the Humours and Politicks of the Place, price 6d. [All]
baldwin near the Oxford Arms in Warwick lane.

To be Sold by Auction,

The remaining Part of Mr. Sanderſon's [Noble]
Collection of Original Paintings, being the beſt part of the [Whole]
Thurſday next, being the 8th Inſtant, at Harris's Coffee-[houſe]
mond-ſtreet near Red-Lyon-Square, the Sale beginning [each]
Forenoon, the Pictures to be ſeen this Day and Wednesday [before]
Sale, where Catalogues may be had gratis. And likewiſe [a]
Collection of Italian, French, and other Prints, lately [brought]
Sea.

Whereas True French Brandy is hardly to [be]
in London, unmixed, at any Price, this is to inform, [that]
having ſome very fine by him, left undiſpoſ'd, old, [mellow]
Brandy, that coſt 15 s. 3d a Gallon, at firſt Hand, ſome [of]
has caus'd ſome of it to be put up in Quart and Pint [Bottles]
and 2s. 6d. Bottles and all ſeach ſeal'd with his own [Seal]
any from being impoſ'd on, viz. 2 Flowers de Lys, in a [Field]
Moon for the Creſt. He is not willing, as ſome have [done]
himſelf in this publick way, and yet deſires Gentlemen [who]
go to a Price, may have it; and to conceal himſelf as [much]
not ſo diſpoſe of at his own Houſe, but hath put it [under]
der Mr. Hughes's, Perukes-Maker, in George-Yard, [Lombard]
and Mr. Smith, at the Poſt Houſe in Ruſſel-ſtreet, [Covent]
who will deliver it out to any that comes. It may be [depended]
goods and anſwer the Character fully.

Wines to be ſold by Retail.

Excellent Red and White Port, and Red [Wine]
Lisbon, being neat Wines as they came from the [Owners]
Growth in Portugal. To be ſold by the Importer in [the]
bant Court in Philpot-Lane, viz. Red and White Port [Wine]
lon. or 14 l. per Hhd. Red and White Lisbon at 15 [l.]
lon. or 16 l. per Hhd. Attendance will be given [at]

To be Sold (without Doors) by the [Author]
his Houſe in Bloming-lane, next to The. Palmer, [Mercer]
cel of new French Wines, viz. Obryan Claret at 3 l. [10 s.]
3 l. 9 d. the Flaſk, Hermitage and Burrundy at 5 s. [per]

At the Mountain Wine-Cellar under the [Rose]
South-Sea Coffee-houſe in Bread-ſtreet, is ſold by [Retail]
Mountain Malaga Wine at 6 s. 8 d. per Gallon or 1 [s.]
and Red Vigna Wine at 13 d. per Bottle; ſuch Perſons [as]
Gallons ſhall pay but 12 s. there being 13 Bottles, [which]
and pure from the Grape.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*. Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in, as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beaufort-Buildings* in the *Strand*.